

NEW YORK JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.
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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair and slightly warmer weather; westerly winds.

NO CURE TO OFFER.

General Palmer, nominated to the Presidency by former Democrats who desire to aid in the election of McKinley, devoted a good share of his Madison Square Garden speech to prophesying as to the evils which he thinks would ensue upon the inauguration of the Democratic policy of free coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. But, like the Republican nominee in whose interest he is acting, General Palmer offered no alternative proposition for the restoration of our monetary system to a condition of health. In his opinion the gold standard which we now have is good enough, notwithstanding the hard times and the facilities it affords for speculation to hold the Government at their mercy and bleed the people of untold millions by compelling successive bond issues. McKinley's cure for low prices, languishing industries, lethargic trade and want of employment for labor is another dose of his trust-breeding tariff. He promises, so far as the finances are concerned, to adhere to the Cleveland-Carlisle programme. General Palmer, not being yet fully converted to the latter-day Republican creed, stands by the doctrine of duties for revenue only.

What answer have the partisans of McKinley, who include the partisans of Palmer, to make to this statement of Mr. Bryan's in his Philadelphia address on Tuesday?
If we maintain the present financial policy there will be no end to bond issues, because if they retire the "greenbacks and Treasury notes, which the national banks want to do, then there are the silver dollars and silver certificates, and Mr. Carlisle has recently said that whenever it becomes necessary to maintain the parity it will be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem silver dollars in gold. And the moment you have the greenbacks and Treasury notes out of the way they will present silver dollars and silver certificates and demand gold for them whenever they want bonds issued.

Is that, or is it not, a correct statement of the financial situation in which this Government is placed? Could a Government be in a more dangerous, defenceless plight? The Treasury under this Cleveland-Carlisle regime, which Republican success will continue, is open to any syndicate that may choose to attack it.
This is the intelligent system of finance that the advocates of the gold standard insist must be persisted in for the sake of the national credit and honor! Mr. Bryan is right in denouncing it as both criminal and idiotic. Gentlemen who admire such a system as the perfection of financial wisdom are hardly to be accepted as competent to pass condemnatory judgment in advance on a monetary scheme which would have as its solid basis both the precious metals, and automatically supply the country with a volume of currency commensurate with its needs. Being conspicuous failures as financiers, the gold men cannot be received in faith as prophets. They have, by the disastrous results of their policy, discredited themselves in the sight of the world.

BRYAN'S SPEECHES.
Since Lincoln this country has produced no political speaker the equal of William Jennings Bryan. He is an orator the matter of whose speeches is as good as their manner. No rhetorical ornament obscures his meaning. Plain bluntness, his words are as comprehensible to the man of ordinary intelligence and knowledge as to the educated. The simplicity of his diction, the energy of his argument, and the force of his directness combine to raise him as a popular speaker to a very high level. He has a message and delivers it. That is his one concern, and to this earnestness, this patient sincerity, is to be attributed much of the marvellous enthusiasm which is evoked whenever he mounts the stand.
Scan any one of the speeches which he pours out daily to the cheering people, and observe how full it is, how incisive, how brilliant in epigrammatic phrase, and how luminous with good sense. Necessarily these off-hand addresses contain repetitions, and lapses now and again from literary compactness; but what other public man have you who could speak several times every day for weeks together and approach him in variety, strength and polish?

Whether Mr. Bryan shall be elected or not, this campaign of his will live in our political history. There never has been another like it. With a courage that rises under blows, a balance of mind and character that keeps him ever his calm, resolved self, he assails with reasoning the policies of his adversaries; meets, seriously or with sarcasm, as they may deserve, their criticisms of his party's platform or himself, and through it all shines his frank and manly nature.
Bryan has already proved his quality to the American people. He is a man of intellect, of rare talents and sound judgment, and as brave and skilful a fighter as the warfare of politics has ever brought to the front. He has broken down the pompous tradition that a candidate for our Chief Magistracy is of necessity too august a personage to go about among the people like one of themselves and give reasons for the faith that is in him. And he has disposed forever of the politicians' hoary superstition that it is unsafe for a candidate to talk.
If William Jennings Bryan reaches the Presidency he will owe his place to his own addresses far more than to any efforts which others are making for him. They are great speeches.

THE POLITICIANS AND THE PEOPLE.
Those able and experienced conspirators who are still hoping to prostitute the Democratic organization of the State of New York to the base uses of Mark Hanna are too able and too experienced not to doubt the good faith of one another. John R. Fellows has not forgotten the campaign of 1887. Grand Sachem Smyth's memory of more recent events is enough to make him nervous about the men who helped elect John W. Goff Recorder. Senator Hill and ex-Governor Flower are still richer in recollections. Nobody trusts anybody else.
The situation in the camp of the revolution reminds one of Sir Samuel Pepys's description of "the Dukedom of Ragusa," which was written in 1661, and runs thus:
Another account was told us, how in the Dukedom of Ragusa, in the Adriatic Sea, which is little, but more ancient, they say, than Venice, and is called the mother of Venetians, and the Turkish lie round about it, and they change all the officers of their guard, for fear of conspiracy, every twenty-four hours, so that nobody knows who shall be Captain of the Guard to-night; but two men come to a man, and lay hold of him as a prisoner, and carry him to the place; and there he hath the keys of the garrison given him, and he presently issues his orders for that night's watch; and so always from night to night.
But the lack of business confidence that prevails in the ranks of the deserters is the least of their discomforts. Every one of them knows that they are camped under the edge of a volcano. The masses of the Democratic party are haters of treason. And when the hot lava of public indignation begins to pour out, Flower will forget to query whether he can trust Edward M. Shepard; and Grace will quit looking askance at Fellows; and William F. Sheehan will be oblivious of the nearness of Baby Bissell; and the whole crowd will scamper for dear life, like the promiscuous lot of wild creatures that flies before a prairie fire.
Yes, gentlemen, it pays to look out for the volcano. Never mind your distrust of one another. That is based on minor considerations. Persons who insist on tempting Providence cannot afford to waste energy fretting over the buzzing of mosquitoes!

ARISTOCRACY IN THE ARMY.
It appears that Cadet Lang, of the United States Military Academy, made a fatal mistake when he fell in love with pretty Mamie Kinkler, the daughter of the commissary sergeant of the post. Now Lieutenant Lang, of the United States Army, at the very outset of his career finds himself wrecked on the iron rocks of army aristocracy. Broken down in health and spirit, he has applied for a second leave of absence of six months' duration, and at the end of that period he will probably be allowed to retire from the service. Not that he has proved himself in any way unfit for it; but there is Mrs. Lang, and there she seems likely to remain until death shall part them.
Mamie Kinkler had the misfortune to be born a girl. If she had been a boy she might have risen from the ranks, for persons of the male sex have been known to do that in the United States Army even in times of peace. If, being a boy, she had shown as much courage, devotion and loyalty to the Union of States as, being a girl, she has shown to the union of husband and wife, she might even have gained an appointment to a cadetship, and so have become an officer. But, being the daughter of a commissary sergeant, she was born in the ranks and had no right to marry out of them. It seems that she was fit to be an "officer's lady"; but what were other officers' ladies to do in case she should presume to introduce "My father, Sergeant Kinkler?"
If Mamie Kinkler had been the daughter of a blacksmith (one who never shod cavalry horses) her admission to the army aristocracy might have been accomplished. But, as Private Ortheris remarks, "Stick to the bloomers' officers; commissary sergeants is low." Military discipline, indeed, demands that the relations established by rank be rigidly maintained. It was obviously impossible

for Mrs. Lang to occupy the social footing of an officer's wife at West Point, where her father was stationed. But she and her young husband vainly imagined that this difficulty would be removed by separation from the bride's family. They forgot the power of precedent. They forgot also the inexorable nature of woman in matters social. Mamie Lang was Mamie Kinkler, the commissary's daughter, for life, and at each remove she only dragged the lengthening chain of her fatal parentage.
Our army aristocracy is an anomaly in this republican country. The officers' roster itself is made up chiefly of men who are distinctly of the people. It is the son of the Congressman of moderate means, who may have been himself a rail-splitter or a corner grocer; the son of the Congressman's friend, or the public school boy victorious in a competitive examination, who goes to West Point. The sons of rich men, as a rule, go to the popular universities, and only a very few of them sacrifice the prospect of wealth and success in the more popular professions or in business to the narrow chances of military glory and the certainty of small salary. It is necessary only to see the "plebes" arrive at West Point to understand what sort of stuff our heroes are made of.
Lieutenant Lang has chosen the only wise course. By leaving the army he places himself in a position to rise to any height accessible to an American citizen. He may become President of the United States. He may even become a great army contractor. He might possibly enter some future Cabinet as Secretary of War. In any of these cases it would be interesting to note the attitude of Mrs. Lang toward those ladies for whose society she is at present unsuitable. But it is, of course, more likely that plain Mr. Lang will join the ranks of the plain people, earn a competence, and build a home for himself and his wife where they may be the centre of a charming social circle into which the bugaboo of rank can never stalk.

Mr. Harrison feels that he has the time to make an occasional speech on our battle ships.
The Press asks "What will labor do?" In the classic language of the day, it will "do" Mr. McKinley.

Calling him the "Boy Blatherskite of the Platte" will at once take all the force from Bismarck's letter.

As we go along in this campaign of sensations, let us not forget that General Sikes has also denounced Mr. Cleveland.

There are expert politicians who incline to the belief that Mr. Grosvenor has gone into the predicting ring just once too often.

In order to line up with his new political companions Mr. Cleveland is compelled to lay aside all his "perfidy and dishonor" dislikes.

Now that Mr. Vanderbilt has interested himself in politics, the people can go to bed feeling that their interests are being closely guarded.

Those parties who have not enjoyed the pleasure of General Palmer's membership should not be impatient. He will get around to them in due time.

If the Goldocracy is looking for a logical State ticket, why not lend off with Hon. Timothy J. Campbell, of New York, and Hon. Patrick Jerome Gleason, of Long Island City?

A stump has been placed in McKinley's front yard, and Mark Hanna is inducing his warm friends, the wage earners, to charter more special trains. So it will be seen that there are more lively times ahead at Canton.

Those Democratic boaters that support Mr. Palmer find fault because Mr. Bryan at one time threatened to bolt. Mr. Palmer's political constancy is almost as charming as Mark Hanna's concern for the welfare of labor.

The Armenians may possibly find some consolation in the fact that they are being disciplined by a Government that adheres religiously to a "stable" currency, and, after all, these so-called atrocities may turn out to be blessings in disguise, and Abdul Hamid a veritable Mark Hanna, a disguised friend of labor.

"I am one of those Americans who believe that the American workshop should be protected against the foreign workshop" is the latest utterance of the Republican Presidential nominee. Perhaps it will serve to call attention to the fact that its author used to be one of those Americans who believed in an American system of finance.

Those newspapers that are calling on Mr. Cleveland to turn out all the officeholders who don't happen to agree with the Administration undoubtedly overlook the fact that this would necessitate the removal of a large number of Republican employees who have contributed so liberally to the success secured by Mr. Cleveland's two Administrations. Perhaps these newspapers will amend their demands so that they will merely call for the dismissal of all Democratic officials who cannot see their way clear to assist Mr. Cleveland in the work of knifing the party that has heaped so many honors on him.

THE JOURNAL'S FUND.

Workingmen the Land Over Are Generously Helping Swell the Amount.

The complete list of subscriptions sent yesterday to the Journal's Campaign Education Fund follows:

George W. Green, Boston, Mass.....	\$1.00	One of the Million, Rochester, N. Y.....	1.00
Wm. W. Offutt, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00	W. W. Offutt, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
John J. Le Cron, Minneapolis, Minn.....	3.00	Harry Blackston, Frederick, Md.....	1.00
John J. Le Cron, Minneapolis, Minn.....	3.00	Eastern Maine Anarchist, Milltown, Me.....	1.00
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John J. Le Cron, Minneapolis, Minn.....	3.00	Coleman E. Bishop, Chautauquan, N. Y.....	5.00
John J. Le Cron, Minneapolis, Minn.....	3.00	A. S. Cuzner, M. D., Gilmore, Fla.....	1.00
John J. Le Cron, Minneapolis, Minn.....	3.00	One day's contribution to the fund.....	\$223.63
John J. Le Cron, Minneapolis, Minn.....	3.00	The Journal's contribution for the day.....	223.63
John J. Le Cron, Minneapolis, Minn.....	3.00	Previously acknowledged and subscribed.....	13,941.42
John J. Le Cron, Minneapolis, Minn.....	3.00	Total contributions to the fund.....	\$14,388.68

Subscription Blank.—Fill in and Send with Contribution.

(Date) _____

To _____
I hereby subscribe the sum of \$ _____
to the New York Journal's fund for the education of the voters of the United States.

(Name) _____

(Address) _____

[The Journal would like the full names and addresses of subscribers, but agrees to use only initials or pseudonym when requested.]

There is a respectable amount of patriotism retained in the breasts of the American people, despite the general idea that it is an obsolete virtue long since out of fashion. The hearty response that has been made on all sides to the Journal's appeal for funds proves this. It has been a sufficient and eminently gratifying sign.

In the forthcoming well defined struggle between the classes and the masses this quality will be indispensable to a right issue of the struggle. So far it has manifested itself exclusively on the side of the Democracy. But there is need for still further sacrifices of the people on behalf of their cause. Let every man continue to lend his aid, and the battle is won. Intelligent self-sacrifice at the present moment will prove to the workman an investment of untold value in the near future.

Here are some letters received yesterday:

Chautauque, N. Y., Sept. 22.
W. R. Hearst:
Enclosed find \$5 for the cause of Government reform. This is the first money I have secured in five and one-half years. I have secured \$500,000 in 1890 for Lincoln and emancipation. I shall cast my first Democratic vote this year for Bryan and emancipation. The nation that struck the shackles of four million negroes will strike the shackles of gold of seventy millions of citizens.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 21, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
Enclosed find money order for \$3, a contribution which I feel that I owe to the Journal's campaign fund. Every loyal supporter of Bryan ought to recognize the fact that it takes money to pay the necessary expenses of a campaign, and that this year the funds must come from small contributors and thus lend his wife.

Three months ago I thought I was for gold, but after serious reflection I was convinced that the Democratic party has been gradually drifting into Republicanism and every day more so. I ought to thank God that we have a Bryan to bring back the good old party and plant it once more on the solid rock foundation laid by Jefferson and Jackson. Keep the ball rolling, and it will knock out Mark Hanna and his large contributions. The Journal's good work is appreciated by thousands whose hearts are in the cause, but have no money to contribute. Yours truly, JOHN J. LE CRON.

No. 408 Wayne st., Germantown, Sept. 22, 1896.
Mr. W. R. Hearst:
May I take advantage of the opportunity afforded by sending a small contribution to the Journal Campaign Fund, to point out what appears to me a serious tactical mistake on the part of the bimetallic forces in general, and of the Journal.

I refer to the lack of any vigorous and persistent protest against the gold monetarists' appropriation of the terms "sound money," "sound dollar" and the like. The gold forces have attempted and have largely succeeded at least for the popular mind—in presenting the issue as a question between "sound money" and "depreciated money," between "an honest dollar" and "a dishonest dollar." Let us face the fact that this year the funds must come from small contributors and thus lend his wife.

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"GENTLEMAN" DEFENDS HIS POLITICAL VIEWS.

To the Editor of the Journal:
Were my mind not muddled by study and reflection, and so possessed of that balance which renders one superior to the ebullient gales of popular fury, I should certainly be in some danger of losing my temper at this time. The extremely abusive and unpleasant letters which you are pleased to publish in relation to my communications in your paper—and permit me to say that you might easily be in a more dignified business than pandering to the passions and prejudices of the mob—are but samples of hundreds that have reached me personally through your office.
And what, after all, is my offence? I have said that the lower orders are incapable, without the instruction of their betters in brain and social position, intelligently to use the franchise. I have said it is better for themselves and the country that their votes should be controlled by purchase and gentle coercion, rather than that they should be allowed in their ignorance to go to the ballot box and vote for Bryan, free silver, repudiation, national dishonor and the despoliation of the upper classes, who represent about all there is of civilization among us. I have said that I cordially approve of the measures taken by the Association, resolute and patriotic men, Mr. Mark Hanna, to prevent the triumph of Anarchy and Socialism, which Demagogue Bryan's election would be.

One would think from the brutal and scandalous manner in which I am assailed on all hands that I personally am responsible for the following existing facts:
1. The inferior mentality of the average mechanic, farmer and laborer, which inferior mentality unites him for that citizenship he is almost sure to mislead unless he is guided by those who are his betters in intellect and knowledge.
2. The creation of the Public Safety Fund, amounting to many millions of dollars, which has been contributed by the best and most honest citizens of the United States and entrusted to Mr. Hanna for political use.
3. The action of sensible Republican and every standard Democratic employers nearly everywhere in giving their employees light on the question of the money standards and causing them to understand that a vote thrown against the common interests will be punished by discharge.
Now, sir, only yokels and clodhoppers, who are no more qualified to vote upon the financial issue than they are to sit down at a gentleman's table and conduct themselves like polished members of polite society, can possibly misunderstand my position. Obviously I did not create the facts which I have enumerated. I have simply given public expression to my approval of Facts 2 and 3.

And I am proud to say that in this attitude of approval I am in the very best of company. In all my friendly intercourse with Mr. Hanna, which has extended over some years, I have never detected in him a trace of that most odious of all characters—the hypocrite. What he does he does with open, manly frankness. Never in his dealings with the labor unions, in his private capacity as a capitalist, has he truckled for poor reward of the coward and trimmer—popularity. When the lower orders invited him to war he ever willingly accepted the challenge, and for their blind temerity crushed them. As to his business, so is he in politics. The better classes, who have supplied this great and brave man with funds for the election of McKinley and the maintenance of the gold standard and our national honor, know as well as I do the uses to which their generous contributions are to be put. So does our gallant standard-bearer, our valiant champion against the hosts of ignorance, poverty and greed—Major William McKinley, Ohio. So does the more enlightened portion of the press, which, splendidly indifferent to party lines, has rallied to the defence of the rightful but beleaguered aristocracy of wealth, culture and brains; three in one, one in three: the trinity of the Republic's true and only hope.

And if the better classes and the patriotic portion of the press after so denouncing the lower order employment of money and guiding coercion for the furtherance of a righteous cause, why should I be made the object of vile and insensate detraction because I join my approval to theirs?
Sir, things have come to a pretty pass indeed when a gentleman who chooses to interest himself in public affairs cannot do so except at the cost of becoming a target for the foul missiles of the insolent and unlettered mob. But let me tell these ruffians of the pen that in spite of their cheap protestations of independence and self-ownership they will do as they are bid on election day or take the consequences. I am not to be deterred from my opinions and doing my duty because the hoots of a crowd of mudsills who are not worthy to brush a gentleman's coat go up against me. Neither will the great hosts of honorable and determined men with whom I am allied in interest and sympathy be balked of their high purpose by the roars that come from the throats of the "many headed monster," as Shakespeare, who was a gentleman at heart, notwithstanding his unfortunate social position, so aptly denominated the rabble.

The wealth of this nation, sir, is in its cities and towns, in its great manufacturing centers, and in its thousands of small towns, and its followers may cheer his low appeals to their rudimentary brains and lean pockets, but all will be in vain. The wealth of the nation, the nation's natural ruler and guardian, has the power to defeat him and his schemes, and that power will be exerted, never fear. In the language of Mark Hanna, now the patient, silent, scornful but never idle recipient of so much frantic and impotent abuse, "McKinley will be the next President. If we can't elect him one way, we will another."
I am, sir, yours, with a measureless contempt for the hard-headed and soft-headed illiterates whose insults have appeared in your columns and rained upon me by mail, New York, Sept. 23. A GENTLEMAN.

A New Industry Born of the Wheel.
[New York Home Journal.]
Bicycling is to be made easy by a new "house-to-house" cycle-cleaning and insurance company, which has been organized in London with a capital of \$500,000. It will establish depots for the cleaning, storing, repairing and sale of cycles, and for an annual payment of \$6.50 by subscribers, will send people to their houses to clean their machines, will insure them for \$500 against death, and for \$250 against serious personal injuries, while cycling, will store their machines when not in use, and will teach them to ride.

Patriotic Wall Street.
[Washington Post.]
The weekly West may continue to sneer at the patriotic efforts of Wall Street, but this will not prevent the financial thoroughfare from its work of holding the nation up by the tail.

How Does Benjamin Feel?
[Chicago Dispatch.]
How does Benjamin Harrison feel over the assertion that it is beneath Mr. McKinley's dignity to make stump speeches?

Short on Privates.
[Chicago Dispatch.]
Let us hope that our distinguished Chinese visitor never suspects that this country is as short on privates as it is long on generals.

An Underground Road.
[Philadelphia Item.]
There seems to be a new underground railroad between the Indianapolis Convention and Mark Hanna's barrel.

CAUGHT IN THE METROPOLITAN WHIRL.

RUSSELL SAGE tucked himself away in a Sixth Avenue elevated car one evening this week, and as he emerged from his corner he asked the gateman if he happened to have a copy of any evening paper about him that he didn't happen to want. The employee replied with a low salutation that he was in possession of such a commodity, and Mr. Sage passed out, with a look of gratification on his high, financial brow.
"Did Uncle Russell give you half a dollar?" inquired a good-natured fellow who had seen the millionaire stop at the gate.
"Yes," replied the gateman with a grin, "but I gave him 50 cents in change for it."

FOR a week the dust had lain thick on the asphalt pavement of Willow street, on the Heights of Brooklyn, where good, quiet, law-abiding, peaceable citizens dwell, and bating clogs by day to fly-crowns walls. A venerable resident stood on the curbstone at the bottom of the hill. As the sprinkling cart passed him, on its way up the hill, it suddenly sent forth into the dust of Willow street a shower of sparkling drops, dilling the grateful air with coolness. The old man rubbed his eyes.
"They, there!" he shouted, hobbling after the cart.
The driver stopped and looked back, while the water silted down.
"Hey, there!" said the old man again, waving his stick at the cart, while all the neighborhood looked on expectantly; "they, there! you're losing all your water!"

NAT GOODWIN is in trouble. A long while ago he was invited to a small entertainment, on which occasion he was to see himself imitated by a lesser light.

As a rule, imitations of Mr. Goodwin are said to be spontaneous from the label to the soldier on the under side of the coin, and that the only original package is put up by the Goodwin firm. However, the comedian is always looking for something novel. So he went.

At an early hour the imitation occurred, after which Nat took his hat and a friend's umbrella and staggered out into the night.

Nearly a year had gone by, and the incident of the imitation was almost a memory, when one afternoon Goodwin was introduced to a tall, distinguished and debonair gentleman, in whose eyes shone the calm light of personal satisfaction.
"Ah!" exclaimed Goodwin, grasping the proffered hand. "Let me see, Hampton, Hampton. Yes, I seem to recall the name, I have it. You were the gentleman who gave an imitation of me last Summer."
"I am the same," answered Hampton.
Nat shook his hand again, and, leaning forward, said in an undertone: "Well, one of us must be rotten."

MIDDLE-AGED MAN stood at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Broadway and inquired anxiously of the cable road transfer agent the best way to reach a certain address near Columbus avenue.

With some condescension the official made answer. When the next car came along the citizen asked:
"Is this my car?"
"It may be," the agent replied; "but I see it's got the Metropolitan Traction Company's name on it."

Then he laughed merrily.
"The middle-aged man gravely heaved the car. As he did so he handed the transfer agent this card:

H. H. VEELELAND,
President Metropolitan Traction Co.

That transfer agent has since been removed.

HE was a farmer from New Jersey and had come down through the woods on a trolley car, taken the boat, crossed the river and found himself strolling around Park row seeking something to devour, for it was about the noon hour when he landed.

He peered into a few basements, sniffed the odor of the savory steak and onions coming up through the gratings, and threw his eye searchingly into the restaurant windows at the gastronomic delicacies spread out on lettuce leaves and other garden truck and decided that he was about ready to begin grazing.

Several times he was on the point of entering one of the numerous food dispensaries, but diffidence invariably drove him back into the street, where he tugged at his whiskers, and tried to muster up sufficient courage to go hand and hand with his appetite. He was jostled and pushed along without regard to his wisdom and his years, until he suddenly brought up in the doorway of a quick lunch resort. Mechanically he grabbed the door jamb and gazed in. Presently his eye fell on a sign that sent the rural blood bounding through his veins, "Eat Our Home Made Pumpkin Pie" it read.

The place he had blown into happened to be one of those institutions where the patrons help themselves, and sit down in a comfortable chair while they lunch; but Rubie didn't quite catch the spirit of the thing. He dropped into the first seat that presented itself and crossed his legs while he lodged round for the waiter.

In a moment a downtown lawyer came along with a plate of sandwiches in his hand and a napkin over his arm. He was about to take a seat next to the citizen from New Jersey.

"Look here, young feller," said the farmer, carelessly flipping out a baundanna handkerchief and spreading it across his knees, "bring me one of them home-made pies and a cup of coffee, and be durn quick about it."

The lawyer looked down in amazement.
"Air ye again? to step lively there?" commanded the man with the baundanna. "What kind of a jint is this here, anyhow? What's matter of ye? Dang it all, what air ye a standin' there for?"

The expression of amazement changed to one of mirth, and the lawyer broke into a laugh as the rural gentleman arose disgustedly and moved off in the direction of Hucksack.

How Does Benjamin Feel?
[Chicago Dispatch.]
How does Benjamin Harrison feel over the assertion that it is beneath Mr. McKinley's dignity to make stump speeches?

Short on Privates.
[Chicago Dispatch.]
Let us hope that our distinguished Chinese visitor never suspects that this country is as short on privates as it is long on generals.

An Underground Road.
[Philadelphia Item.]
There seems to be a new underground railroad between the Indianapolis Convention and Mark Hanna's barrel.